

LOOK BEFORE YE LOUP.

PART SECOND: 12

OR

ANITHER BOX

OF

HEALIN' SA

FOR THE

CRACKIT CROWNS

OF

COUNTRY POLITICIANS.

BY

TAM THRUM,

AN AULD WEAVER.

THE SECOND EDITION.

"He that looksna ere he Loup, will fa' ere he wit o' himsel."

SCOTS PROVERB.

—EDINBURGH:—

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OTHER BOOKSELLERS.

1794



A CRITICAL CRACK,

BY WAY OF PREFACE.

MESS JOHN & TAM THRUM.

W E E L. Tamas, I've read your Pamphlet, an' to be plain wi' you, Tamas, I fear it winna gae down sae weel as the last.

T. Nae doubt o't, Sir, but ye may let us hear your reasons, gin't be your will.

M. It wants spunk, man,—'tis o'er grave,—it smells o' muckle o' the pu'pit.

T. Think ye sae, Sir?—But ye'll mind, Sir, daffin shou'd be ay weel tim'd; the same face winna do for a feast an' a funeral.—When we saw a whin fallows livin' upo' the fat o' the land, makin' filler as fast as they cou'd draw't in,—wi' incomes, the fruits o' their ain labour, if they were willin to be industrious, that might ha'e weel ser'd their Maisters,—when we saw thae fallows gatherin' in clubs, fuddlin' their noses o'er the gill stoup, an' aw the time grummlin', an' granin, an' complainin, o' taxes an' burdens that they never felt, of oppression an' tyranny that never had a bein', but i' their ain whirligig noddles—it was enough, Sir, to mak' a horse laugh.—But, when we come to speak o' doin's, the like of which the world, Christian, or Pagan, never saw,—doin's, for which Europe is now sheddin' tears o' blood;—doin's, which hae gi'en the world sic a shog as it has na met wi' sin' the De'il first pu'd the spade out of our auld Gutch-er's hand, an' sent him to eat the bitter bread o' sorrow:—when we come to speak o' laws destroyed, liberty betrayed i' the house o' her hollow-hearted friends, the Almighty insulted, an' his altars torn frae their foundations, by the hands of a band o' merciless robbers an' cut-throats,—O! Sir, to

A

laugh

laugh wou'd be a crime,—our een shou'd be flooded wi' tears,
—our faces shou'd be red wi' indignation.

M. 'Tis aw very true, Tamas, but your book winna sell, man,—few fo'k think o' reading sic grave lectures now a-days. Printin' books, let me tell ye, Tamas, is no' a jest ;—if your book does na sell, man, ye'll be ruined.

T. I never yet, Sir, heard of a man bein' ruined by doin' his duty. Muckle paper has been wasted upo' politics within the last three or four years ; if I waste a bit mair, wi' an honest intention of doin' aw the gude I can, 'tis nae great crime ; an' if it shoud take a note out o' my pouch, mony a tipplin weaver has spent as muckle to a war' purpose. In short, Sir, laughin' or cryin, ye maun tak' Tam Thrum as ye find him. He has nathing to brag o' but a sma' share o' common sense,—he has nae ends to ser' but what he can a-vow to the warld ; he has nae motive for writin', but a sense o' his duty to his God, his King, an' his country.

M. Weel said, Tamas, but I have anither faut to find wi' you. Your politicians speak o'er weel for plain country fo'ks. Whare got your plain country farmer, *Charlie Clod*, aw this information ?—He does na appear to ha'e minded his plough muckle.

T. Hooly a wee, Sir,—a man may ha'e muckle gude sense, an' a sma' share o' book-lear', tho', favin' your Reverence's presence, he mayna' be a Minister, nor yet a Domine. Charles was ay remarkit for a turn for porin' and readin' frae the time that he was a callan. It was but a scanty education that his father cou'd afford him ; but Charlie made up for this by his ain industry ; an' by the time that he grew up, his sense an' discretion were the wonder o' the hale countryside. When he settled for himsel', an' took a farm, the Minister o' the parish took a great likin' till him, ga'e him books to read, an' was at no little pains in explainin' to him the history of his ain, an' of aw ither countries ; an' when ever Charlie had an hour to spare, he was ay sure of a hearty welcome at the manse. It was here that Charles got as muckle insight into your news, an' your stories about politics, an' the French, as might ser' ony Parliament-man i' the country.

M. Weel, Tamas, I have anither word to say, an' we'll hae done. Your stories are rather stale man. This crack o' yours shou'd hae come out lang syne ; affairs hae tane a muckle turn sin' it has been written. Ye shou'd hae patience

ence a wee, an' mak' sic alterations as the circumstances o' the times may require.

T. 'Tis very true, Sir, it was written lang syne, an' shou'd hae been printed lang syne; but the Domine, wha manages aw thae matters for me, was lang sick, an' by the time that he was better, down came the great news, that we had ta'en aw the French islands i' the Wast Injies, an' syne there was naething but drivin' the shuttle night an' day. But indeed, Sir, I see naething i' the Pamphlet that's yet out o' season. In France, ae set o' rogues hae gotten the better of anither, ae murderer's cuttin' the throat of anither;—at hame, indeed, we hear of naething but joy an' thankfu'ness for the discovery o' traitors i' this country, an' for the success of our fleets an' armies; but upo' thae subjects, an' upo' the new French religion, as they ca't,—I'll maybe gie you sax or aught pages mair, if I be spar'd to get my neist web out o' the loom.

M. Weel, Tamas, I honour your principles,—I commend your honesty. Gae awa,—get your book printed, an' may it ser' aw the gude purposes for which it was intended by its well-meaning Author.

Amen, says Tam Thrum.

LOOK BEFORE YE LOUP.

SCENE.—*An Ale House.*

Harry Heeltap and Sandy Snip, reading the Gazetteer.

Har. CAN I believe my een?—Simon Shuttle a member o' the British Convention!—that's a gude joke.—Harry Heeltap! Harry Heeltap!—what a poor silly coof wert thou, to let that *Clod*, that lang-fac'd son of a *Rustycrap* cast glam-mir o'er thee in sic a manner! to burn aw the club books, an' bawl out God Save the King, as if I had been a—*a Placeman*, or a *Pensioner*!—If it hadna been for that chield's cheek-wind, I might ha'e been a member o' the British Convention, an' very likely President, for ye ken, I was ay President o' the Club, an' mony a gude speech I made, tho' I say't mysel! As for Simon, he never open'd his mou' in his born days, but ance, an' then he was hissed, because he was for our Parliaments sittin' a hale year, an' I thought if we had ony Parliaments ava, sax months was lang enough for them in aw conscience. This winna do, Sandy, we maun hae anither Club, that's clear;—the nation will gang to ruin, if the Clubs drap awa.

Sandy. Look afore ye loup, Harry, man; for my part, I have done wi' Clubs, an' I have to thank Charlie Clod, for makin' a muckle happier, an' I wou'd fain think, a muckle better man o' me. There's a muckle change upo' my house sin' that mischievous Club was gi'en up. Instead o' tipplin' an' squanderin' my winnins wi' you an' *Shuttle*, I keep aw my family comfortable. They're weel fed, an' weel clad, an' it

it woud do your heart gude to see how blythe an' merry an' happy the change has made my canty bit wife ; nae mair fightin' an' flytin', an' miscawin' ane anither ; she sits an' spins, an' I sit an' sew, an' we're as happy as the day's lang. As for Charlie, ye ken, Harry, he's a lad that's respektit by aw body, an' they never rued it that took his advice. Ye ken he was mair than master for you at our last crack, an' we aw looked like fools when he began to open upon's. But he'll be here belyve, for I came to ha'e a sober glafs an' a social crack wi' him ; sae, lad, if ye are to begin wi' the auld stories, ye'll need to be upo' your mettle, for I'm fair mista'en if Charlie flinch.

Har. Gae awa, ye poor silly body, ye have nae spunk i'ye. Let him come, he'll may be find that I can gie him as gude as he can bring. But here he is, sure enough.

Enter CHARLIE CLOD.

Char. Gudeen to ye, lads,—how goes it, friend Saunders ?—Harry, man, what's the matter wi' you ?—Ye look as if ye had swallow'd the batter-horn.

Har. May be so I have, Maister Charles, 'tis nae concern o' your's, is't ?

Sandy. Harry has gotten his head turn'd wi' politics again, Charles, an' he's no' pleas'd wi' you for brakin' up the Club.

Har. Ay, Maister Charles, cast your ee upo' the newspapers there ; you have ruin'd a gude Citizen, Charles ; there's that laddie Simon Shuttle, a member o' the British Convention ; if it hadna been for you, I might ha'e cookit my nose there wi' the best o' them ; there's no a member of our Club but what will own that I was out o' fight the best speechifier amang them. There's nae doubt but I wou'd hae been made President, *President o' the British Convention*,—think o' that,—I'll tell ye what, Charlie, I'll hae anither Club gather'd, an' I'll denounce you for brakin' up the last ane, an' for the muckle mischief ye have done the nation, in keepin' *Citizen President Heeltap* out o' the Convention.

Cha. Weel said, *Citizen President Heeltap* ; but, Harry, in gude earnest, I wish ye woud haud awa frae politics ; lets hae a sober social crack, an' gang hame like gude friends.

Har. But I say we shall hae politics ; nane o' your sober social cracks for me ; caw this the Convention, an' mak' me President,

President, an' I'll let ye see how I wou'd hae surprised them.

Cha. Weel, weel, laddie, keep your temper, if you will hae politics. But what's the matter wi' ye, Harry? 'tis no lang sin' you an' I row'd in ae boat; ye thought it was time to hae done wi' reformin' Clubs, wha had put half the country daft, an' ye was never to set a foot in ane o' them frae that day forth. What new light hae ye gotten now, Harry?

Har. Ye took me in, Charlie, wi' your confounded havers. Ye tell'd me naething but lies. The country's ruin'd by sleekit fallows like you, wha try to steek the people's een that they may na see the corruption o' their Kings, an' Lords, an' Parliament-men, an' Placemen, an' Pensioners.

Cha. We had aw thae things through hand afore, Harry; if you have naething new to say, ye may as weel hand your tongue. But are ye really sorry, Harry, that ye were na a member o' this same Convention. If I bena' mista'en, there's some o' them wou'd gie twa an' a plack they had never seen't.

Har. Sorry! Charles, do you doubt it?—To see my name i' the Gazetteer, *Citizen Heeltap* (*Deputy* for sic an' sic an-an-apartment, I think they ca't) i' the chair!—is that naething? Nae doubt some o' your *rusticrapical* fok began to trimmle i' their skins, an' got their slavish crew to clap some o' thae great men an' gude Patriots i' the to'booth; but they'll may be get day about wi' them for that yet.

Cha. An' what kind o' fok were they, Harry?—or do ye ken? Do ye really think they were fit for what they had ta'en in hand? Were they men o' ony kind o' character?

Har. Fit! man,—what was to hinder them to be fit?—Coudna they mak' speeches, an' enlighten the people?—what ha'e we to do wi' their characters? they were patriots,—an' to be employ'd about sic wark wou'd mak' ony character gude. An' mair than that, there was a Lord amang them,—that there was—but ne'er a hough o' him got to the chair,—na—they took care o' that,—keep down the Lords, an' he, gude Lord! was as humble, an' as modest, an' as quiet as ony o' them, an' thought himsel' nae better than the *Town Drummer* of *Anderson*. An' there were twa gude godly Ministers amang them;—sae I think they might weel seem fit to ding down aw the Constitutions i' the world, an' to mak' new anes for them.

Cha.

Cha. I believe, Harry, they had the will, if they cou'd ha'e got the power, to ding down, at least, ae Constitution, but it was o'er tough for them;—as for makin' a new ane, they ga'e us a sample that was mair than enough, an' the country, very thankfu' for their services, didna seem disposed to gi'e them the trouble o' finishin' it. True, Harry, they had a Lord amang them, an' I believe few fo'k thought it muckle to his credit that he shou'd be seen in sic company. If there were twa gude godly ministers amang them; we canna wish them better than that, on that day when they gie in their account, their Master may say unto them, "Weel done, gude an' faithfu' servant;"—but, I fear, Harry, when it comes to that, they winna find it a feather i' their cap that they were *Deputies to the British Convention*. As for the rest o' your great men an' gude Patriots, they were sic a tag-rag set o' journeymen Weavers, Sutors an' Tailors, Barbers, Strollin' Play-Actors, an' Travellin' Chapmen, that nae decent man wou'd like to see his name in sic company.

Har. Ay, ay, thae's some mair o' your rustycrat notions. They were gude Patriots for aw that, an' if they are doin' gude to the nation, 'tis aw ane to us what they be.

Cha. Well, Harry, an' what great things hae they done for the nation?—They set to wark upo' the plan of the French Convention; they had their Sections, an' their Departments, an' their Committees of Organization, an' aw the outlandish gibberish that they had learned i' their correspondence wi' the bloody Legislature o' France. They began wi' Reform, an' they ended in downright Revolution. The hale fabric, Kirk an' State, was to fa' down at ance like a pair of auld boots, an' what were we to get i' their place? Murder, Robbery, an' Atheism. Our trade, our manufactures were to be thrown to the cocks; the riches of our industrious merchants were to be the spulzie of a gang of ruffians, wha were only fit to haud the candle to the cut-throats of Paris. This was the Constitution we had to expect frae sic men. Harry, Harry! doesna your flesh creep to think o't?—Heaven hae mercy upo' poor auld Britain, if the maun seek a Constitution frae journeymen Barbers, Penny-a-page Writers, Reverend Sutors*, an' Strollin' Players, if even a Lord shou'd prostitute his name an' his family in

* Both the Reverend Delegates were originally Shoemakers. Ed.

fic a cause. What has happened in France, Harry, sin' our last meeting, that your Convention shou'd be sae keen to follow i' their footsteps?

Har. O, as for that, Charles, the Patriots o' France had a fair faught; they had a Constitution to mak, an' when a Constitution's to mak, ye ken, they maunna stand upo' steppin stanes. Nae doubt, they hae drawn a drap blude, but 'tis only rustycrats, an' they can be weel spared.

Cha. Harry, Harry! there's nae man that fears God, or has ony mercy or pity for his fellow creatures, woud speak in sic a manner. They murdered their King i' the very teeth o' law an' justice, an' then began sic a butchery as the warld never saw, of aw that had ony regard for him. The very tear that his hard, hard fate wrung frae the ee of pity, was a proof of guilt, an' man, woman, or bairn, wha coudna keep down the feelins of nature, paid for their weakness wi' their blude. Their poor Queen—what heart doesna bleed for her?—The sister, the daughter, the wife of Princes, flung frae a throne to a dungeon, torn frae her innocent helpless babies, her husband dragg'd frae her arms to lay his head aneath the murderin' ax, insulted, scorn'd, abused by the ruffians whase presence polluted the dreary dungeon where for years her cup of affliction had been kept runnin' o'er,—an' at last,—'twas aw the mercy ever she met wi'—brought to a sham of a trial, an' her days, an' her sorrows ended upon a scaffold.—Harry, Harry! tak' care what ye say,—there is a God, if aw the Convention should swear against it, an' that God will tak' vengeance on sic monsters, an' he'll ca' them to an awfu' account wha, under a hypocritical shew of Religion and Patriotism, wou'd mak' excuses for crimes which cou'd scarcely hae been thought of by the very Devils in Hell!

Har. Preserve us! Charlie man, dinna be sae het upon't; ye woud fleg a body. Nae doubt they shou'd have had some mercy upon a poor helpless woman, wha—

Cha. Mercy!—man—they had neither mercy nor justice;—the very Devil might blush to see himsel' dung at trade. The crimes that they charged her wi' were never imagined, an' sic, as if they had been imagined, never cou'd ha'e been committed. But her blude cries for vengeance, an' it will o'ertak' them. 'Tis already begun. Maist o' thae wha were the first cruel persecutors o' that unhappy family, ha'e fa'n by the hands o' their ain bludy com-

panions

panions, an' France is at this day like ze great slaughter-house, where naething is heard but the groans o' the dyin', an' the savage youlin' o' their murderers. The Almighty seems to ha'e set them up as an awfu' moniment o' his wrath to this, an' to aw comin' generations.

Har. Weel, but that's nae concern of ours, Charlie, we may set our ain Constitution to rights for aw that.

Cha. But it is our concern, Harry; there's mōny ane in Britain wha has held up France as an example, instead of a warnin', to this country. The same tricks were to be play'd by your Convention, but they had the wrang sōw by the lug. Muckle has been said an' done to raise the people against their Government, but we have reason to think their gude sense will be mair than a match for the arts of their enemies. When they saw a set o' ragamuffins, i' the very heart o' the country, set seriously down to declare war against the Constitution, an' to throw aw thing into confusion,—the birfs of auld honest Britains was raised, they thought upo' the days of auld,—they looked at their bairns,—an' down fell the mob Convention amid the hisses an' curses o' the people.

Har. Aw this may be true, Charlie, but we'll ha'e Reform for aw that.

Char. An' I'll tell ye, Harry, afore ye get it, it maun be fought by different fo'k, an' in a different way. Reform, Reform—that word has done mair ill in four or five years, than it will do gude in fifty. An' what is Reform?—'Tis ony thing—'tis naething—'tis a King—a Convention—a mob—a band o' cut-throats—just as the will o' the new-fangled party mak's it. It changes shapes ilka hour, an' when ye think ye grip it fast, it slips through your fingers like an eel. There's no' twa o' ye agreed about what ye wou'd ha'e.

Har. Short Parliaments, Charlie, short Parliaments for me.

Cha. Very weel, Harry, we have your Reform, an' we have the People's Reform; we have the Friends o' the Peoples Reform, an' we have the Convention Reform,—how shall we manage them aw?—Gie them aw that they ax,—cut an' pair awa at the Constitution, when ony bee-headed Reformer sets up the hue and cry—till at last ye leave it like the heel o' an auld kebbuck,—scarce enough left to let ye ken what

kind o' stuff it was made o'. This, Harry, is what ye're aw drivin' at, put ony face on't that ye like.

Har. Reform, man, Reform will mak' the Constitution aw the better.

Cha. So they said in France, at the beginnin' o' this black wark. Reform was the word, at the very time that they were watchin' for their prey, takin' advantage o' their King's gude nature, an' preparin' to o'erturn his throne, an' spread horror an' desolation through his kingdom. We may aw mind that the language of our Reformin' Clubs was just the language o' the Reformers o' France i' the 1789. To be sure they got Reform wi' a vengeance, an' what has the nation made by it?—They've murdered their King,—their best friend, an' they've gotten twa hunder blude-thirsty tyrants, wi' a savage mob at their heels, disposin' at their pleasure o' the lives, liberties, an' property o' their countrymen. The common fo'k find aw the gouden promises o' their Reformers ended in rags and misery. The property is ta'en frae auld an' weel-respectit families, an' gi'en to needy villains, wha have risen to the helm o' government by wadin' thro' seas o' blude. Some o' thae wha brought their King to the scaffold had been ta'en frae the *gallies*, where the mercy of him whom they ca'd a *Tyrant*, had suffered them to live, instead o' giein' them up to be hanged, as the law had condemn'd them to be, an' as their crimes deserved. Mony o' thae, wha now ha'e aw the say i' that miserable country, were thought a disgrace to some o' their first assemblies; mony o' them were poor beggarly rascals, without ae bawbee to rub upon anither, an' now they're wallowin' in riches and debauchery.

Har. But there's mony a gude man, an' mony an honest man in France, an' they'll soon send thae rogues a packin'.

Cha. I fear, Harry, they're thin fawn. They've murder'd i'ka man amang them wha was ony way respectit for his learnin', his wisdom, or his virtue; and they have ta'en care that the people shall ha'e little chance o' bein' brought to a better way o' thinkin'. Their great patriots an' gude citizens very weel kend that if ony thing like religion shou'd keep haud o' the minds o' the common fo'k, their hopes wou'd be at an end, an' so they set to wark, an' wou'd ha'e aw thing like religion banished frae their new republic, as they caw't. To mak' a fair tryal o' the fo'k, ane o' them gets up, an'

so

so, says he, "Lads, ye may think what ye like o't, but, in truth, I think, the Lord Almighty, as they ca' him, or the God o' the Christians, as they ca' themsel's, is a Tyrant an' a Despot; we have been o'er lang his Slaves, an' so I think, we shou'd e'en dethrone him, as we did our ain Louis Capet. As ane o' the best friends o' the republic, I gi'e my vote first,—I'm an Atheist *!"

Har. An Atheist!—indeed, Charlie, there's o'er mony Atheists at hame, if we kend it aw.

Cha. I'm no surpris'd, Harry, to hear the like o' you crack in that way, for I've heard the same answer gi'en by men wha haud their heads muckle higher;—but 'tis just sic argument as we might expect frae our lucky-minnies. Nae doubt, we are ill enough; there's o'er little religion, an' o'er muckle profanity amang us, gude mend us aw, say I; I wish we were better, an' I wish our great fo'ks wou'd set us a better example; but, Harry, let us speak like men, an' no' like auld wives an' weeanes. Let us be thankfu' we havena gane the lengths that your friends o'er the water ha'e gane; we havena openly, as a nation, blasphemed against our God an' our Saviour; we havena solemnly abjured the religion that he has revealed to us, for our comfort here, an' our weelfare hereafter;—we havena, by a solemn act of our Legislature, wickedly forbidden the observance of the Sabbath-day, an' declared them rebels wha pay ony attention to the fourth commandment. We have muckle grumlin', and complainin', about our test-acts, and our religious persecutions, but to persecute men into *Atheism*, is something mair than we have, yet heard o'.—We havena steekit our kirk-doors, dung down our pu'pits, an' seli'd the Communion Cups, *to pay the national debt*,—nor have we turned the Houe o' God into a place o' meetin' for ruffians to plot their schemes o' murder an' robbery in. Na, Harry, I wou'd fain think ye never wish to see sic sights i' this country;—for my part, may my head lie aneath a sod afore I see ony thing o' the kind.

Har. We ken naething, Charlie, about the French. Our Newspapers are amaisht aw hired by Placemen an' Pensioners,

* From this, and other passages in the Pamphlet, the reader will perceive that it has been written prior to the fall of the *Hebertine* faction, and before *Robert Pierre* had dress'd up his pretty monthly puppet-show, for the amusement of the *Eternal*. On this subject, as well as on some recent events in this country, the Author has promised a few thoughts at an early period. Ed.

to mak' the Convention as black as they wish us to think them. There was never a word o' aw that i' the Gazetteer.

Cha. It may be sae, Harry, I ken naething about the matter. 'Ae thing, I ken, there's a chield wha has spent ilka plack an' farthin' that ever he got in drinkin', whorin' an' rattlin' dice; some o' your great Patriots ha'e pension'd him to the tune o' three thousand pund sterlin' i' the year, to ca' himsel' a liar: Ye have your pension'd Newspapers too; that I cou'd bring ye proof o'; an' as for your Gazetteer, your ain Friends o' the People think shame o't, the Convention maun tak it in tow, an' after aw it winna keep aboon the water. As for the French stories, we tak our news *verbatim* frae *their ain Newspapers*, so we canna be far wrang, if aw *our* Newspapers shou'd be hired by Placemen an' Pensioners.—I dinna wonder at your no giein' credit to them, but we weel ken, that they wou'd soon be shorter by the head, if they printed ony thing that the Convention woudna avow. So, aw that we can say about them is, that they are o' thae fok wha glory i' their shame.

Har. Weel, Charles, Religion or no Religion, what hae we ado wi' that? Ye'll grant that they may ha'e a gude Constitution, an' as muckle liberty as there's ony use for, altho' they dinna mak sic a sang about Kirks, an' prayers, an' Religion, as they used to do.

Cha. Ay, an' muckle mair liberty than there's ony use for, an' muckle mair than can be gude for them. As for a Constitution, as ye confess'd lang syne that ye didna ken what it was, I needna ax ye what kind o'ane they hae gotten. They hae tried twa or three, but nae sooner were they written, than they row'd up bawbees-worths o' snishan wi' them. How can they mak a gude Constitution, or how cou'd they keep it if they had it, as they have managed matters for twa twal-months past?—How cou'd their Magistrates command obedience to the laws, how cou'd they be “terrors to evil doers, an' a praise to them that do weel,” when they set the fok sic an example?—when they *force* them to cast aff aw fear o' their Maker,—o' that God, wha is himsel' the rewarder o' gude, an' the punisher o' wicked men?—There's nae nation can thrive, Harry, if there's nae Religion amang them; the maist savage, outlandish nations hae their religion, sic as it is, an' dark as their notions may be, they aw believe in some power

power aboon them, wha will reward them if they do weel an' punish them if they do ill. Sic thoughts are natural to us aw, an' without them there's nae country but wou'd be ilke a herd o' wild beasts; an' there's nae man wha wishes weel to his fellow creatures that wou'd wish to see them giein, up sic doctrines. That belangs to the murderers an' ruffians o' a French Convention.

Har. But, Charlie, ye woudna hae them to tak' an example frae savages an' man-eaters; an' as for what ye caw your civilized nations, in truth I think they're war' than savages yet, for there the folk are aw slaves to Despots an' Rustycrats; we aw ken what their religion is; 'tis the trade o' their Priests to fleg honest men wi' hell an' damnation, an' fire an' brimstone, to mak them crouch ameach their burdens like the very brutes.

Cha. 'Tis a shame an' a disgrace to hear sic words in a Christian land, an' frae ane wha has got a Christian education. It is a sample o' what we hae to expect shou'd thae folk wha hae the impudence to caw themselves Reformers, get their will. *Your* Reformation, Harry, should begin at hame. Ye may put on what kind o' face ye like, but there's nae man can hae a real regard for the weelfare o' mankind, or for the happiness o' his country, if he has nae regard for the interests o' religion.—Religion, Harry, promises us happiness or misery in anither world, an' ye ken little about it, or ye would find that it has its comforts i' this world. We have aw our troubles an' sorrows here, an' our joys are short an' uncertain. Mony a blithe mornin' hae we seen, when the sun blaz'd bonny o'er the green hill, but, ere twal hours came, the lift was black wi' clouds, and cowrin' round the ingle, we heard the thunder roarin', an' the pitiless storm pelting upo' our winnocks.—As changeable is this life,—it is at best a blink an' a shower, an' to mony 'tis aw clouds an' storms, without a glimpse o' sun-shine to cheer them o' their journey.—What's to support us under sic trials?—*Religion*, Harry, naething but *Religion*. The gude man, wi' his ee fixed upon a better country, rejoices i' the middle o' trouble. Tho' he lays nae great stress o' the pleasures o' this life, yet, he has mair real enjoyment i' them, when they are innocent, than they that neither wish nor hope for ony ither. He receives the gifts o' his Maker wi' gratitude, he uses them wi' moderation; he bears affliction frae the same hand wi' patience

ence an' resignation. He's neither list'd up in prosperity, nor does he sink under adversity. Sic is the *Religious* man; Harry, an' he woudna exchange his enjoyments for aw the clappin' an' yowlin' applause of aw the clubs an' Conventions i' the warld. In our last crack, Harry, I mention'd Davie Deal to ye, an' tell'd ye how he was ruinin' himsel' an' his poor family. Glad, mair than glad am I to say, that now I have the auld Davie Deal for my neighbour. Davie has at last seen the evil o' his ways.

Har. What do ye say, Charlie, has Davie Deal really turn'd his coat?—That's some o' your wark, Charlie, ye winna leave us a gude Patriot i' the country.

Cha. Ye're aw mistaen, Harry, naething that I coud say had ony weight wi' him. He ca'd me, as you do, a wicked rustycrat, an' swore a muckle aith that he woud live an' die a gude Patriot. Weel, 'tis no' aught days sin' Davie laid his gude auld father i' the grave, an' if ever a gude man blest'd this ill warld, it was honest William Deal. Four sons, an' as mony daughters had William, by my auntie Elspet Clod; an' he ga'e them aw a gude an' a religious education, an' he liv'd to see them aw weel settled, an' doin' weel. For some years bygane, he has been disabled frae wark, an' has liv'd wi' sometimes ane, an' sometimes anither o' his bairns; an' a pleasant sight it was to see the auld man makin' playthings to the bairns, his oys, an' the wee things climmin' upon his knees, an' playin' wi' his gray locks, an' kissin' his cheek, which, in spite o' his years, had yet a dash o' that healthfu' bloom, which the face o' the sober an' industrious labourer will ay wear. The last days o' this gude auld man were clouded wi' sorrow, an' aw for Davie's neglect o' his family, an' his takin' up wi' thae reformin' clubs, an' the lightly way that he spoke about Religion;—mony a gude advice he gae him, but aw was thrown awa upo' Davie.

Har. I thought sae, Charles,—I thought, if Davie turn'd his coat, you wou'd be at the bottom o't.

Cha. Patience, Harry.—At the last an' the larg, vexation, an' the burden of age, laid honest William upon a sick an' a death-bed. He faund that his end was drawin' near; he ca'd his bairns about him; as a relation, an' an auld acquaintance, I was sent for. He was sittin' up in his bed, supported i' the arms of auld Elspet. There wasna a dry ee i' the house. He took a grip o' Davie's hand, an' the tears came

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rinin' down his wither'd cheek. "Davie," said the dyin' man,
 in a weak voice, "Davie, the hand o' death is upo' your
 "father;—it gie's him a fair heart to say that, at this awfu'
 "hour, the only thing that mak's him laith to part wi' life,
 "is leavin' you to gae on in sic courses as ye've been followin',
 "for a twalmonth past. Davie, I've been an affectionate
 "father to ye. Ye had a religious education. The best ad-
 "vice I cou'd gie you was never wastin'; ye were lang sen-
 "sible o't; I had muckle comfort i' you, an' your diligence
 "an' sobriety gladden'd my auld heart. Davie, Davie, did
 "ever I think that you, of aw my bairns, wou'd have embit-
 "tered the last days of your auld father! Ye have been led
 "awa by ill company—clubs ha'e been your ruin—tak' a
 "thought, Davie, your father will soon be out o' the reach
 "of grief and vexation,—but ye have a family—dinna, dear
 "Davie, dinna cast them aff,—if ye do, when ye come to a
 "death-bed, ye'll ha'e an awfu' account to settle wi' your
 "conscience. Ye ha'e muckle reason to be thankfu' to your
 "Maker for the comforts that ye enjoy,—comforts that your
 "forefathers were strangers to, an' yet they were contented
 "an' happy, an' mornin' an' evenin' their praises an' thank-
 "givin's ascended to Heaven, for castin' their lot in sic a land.
 "Dinna gie head to men that wou'd saw discor. eni i' the coun-
 "try;—meddle not, as the scripture say, wi' them that are gi-
 "ven to change. 'Tis the last advice of a father wha lo'es you,
 "an' wha maun now leave you. It wou'd be some comfort to
 "him, in his last moments, to think that sic an advice wou'dna
 "be forgotten." The auld man was worn out—Grief
 choakit Davie's voice—he sobbed loud, "O! Father, ye'll
 "brak my heart.—It winna be forgotten, father,—I've done
 "wrang,—O, if it were the will o' Providence, that ye might
 "be spared to see my repentance." A smile bright'n'd up
 the auld man's face,—it was like the last beams o' the settin'
 sun.—He turn'd to Elspet, wha hung on his neck, an' wain'd
 it wi' her tears. "Be comforted, Elspet,—I'm satisfied,
 "—we've lived lang an' happy thegither;—I'm ga'en a wee
 "bit afore ye;—we'll soon meet again where aw tears will
 "be wiped awa." He ca'd his oys about him, an' ga'e
 them aw his bleffin',—"Bleffin's o' ye aw, my bairns," said
 he, wi' a voice ay weaker an' weaker, "May the God o' your
 "fathers be your God,—dinna forget him, an' he'll never
 "forsake you, in life or in death."—His strength was now
 exhausted,

exhausted,—he sunk back i' the bed,—an', like a bairn fai'n into a sweet sleep, he breath'd his last.—He was laid i' the grave amid the tears an' lamentations of aw that ken'd him. The neist day Davie sent for me; he grat like a bairn, an' reflectit bitterly upon himsel' for gi'en' uneasiness to sic a father; an' "Charlie," says he, "If I ever forget my father's last advices, may you an' aw my friends forget me."—Indeed, Davie is now aw that his best friends cou'd wish him, an' if his bonny bairns ha'e lost their auld lucky-dady, they have got a father restored to them.

Har. Weel, Charlie, I shauna say that Davie was to blame;—I dinna wonder tho' he was affeckit; there's war things than religion after aw; but the French are no' sae ill upo' that score as ye wou'd mak' them; ye wou'd see that their Convention ha'e open'd the kirk doors again, an' they're preachin' an' prayin' awa at no allowance.

Cha. Nae thanks to them for that. They began wi' murderin' aw their Priests that had either conscience or honesty i' them, an' then they got a whin ragamuffins o' their ain makin', to keep up the farce a little langer; at last, when they had ser'd their ain ends, they encourag'd them to come to their bar, abjure their religion, an' tell the fo'k that they had been preachin' naething but lies to them, an' that if they wou'd do weel i' this warld, an' be gude Republicans, they maun believe that there's nae ither warld, that the Bible's nae better than Jack the Giant-killer, or the history of Tam Thum'; that death is *eternal sleep*, an', in short, that they shou'd aw be Atheists!—Aw this was done; but now there were twa things that made them hover a wee. Their preachers that had ser'd them sae weel, maun be paid for doin' naething, an' fo'ks wha had been lang accusom'd wi' kirks an' religion, cou'dna weel think o' gi'en' them up aw at ance; so, ane o' their ruffians gets up, an', says he, "Lads, I wish we bena' i' the wrang box; the dose is rather o'er strong for the fo'k to swallow't aw at ance; we aw hate religion an' Priests; I do mair than ony o' ye*, but we maun mak' some sma' allowance for the prejudices o' the people; we'll e'en open a whin o' the kirks, an' then they'll come o'er gradually to our side, whereas, if we werē to lock them aw up by force, they might turn a wee unruly. Let us keep a gude bridle-hand, but

* See Robespierre's speech on that occasion in the Jacobin Club.

but let us manage them cannily at the same time." For sic reasons as thae did they open the kirk doors.

Har. Weel, Charlie; but in bringin' about sic a great Revolution, is therena some excuse for bein' a wee outrageous? There were mony Traitors amang them, an' their King an' their Queen were Traitors, an' what could they do but rid themsel's o' them the best way they cou'd?

Char. Harry, Harry, if ye be ignorant o' thae things, ye shoudna open your mou' upo' the subject; if ye arena ignorant, ye're something muckle wair! I tell'd ye afore, an' I tell ye again, there wafna the shadow o' proof of ony charge that they brought against their King an' their Queen; sae strongly were they convinc'd o' this themsel's, that the very papers that were sent frae London by the auld servants o' their King, an' which would hae prov'd his innocence to the conviction o' aw the warld,—thae papers were wickedly an' inhumanly kept up by the monsters his judges, wha only thirsted for his blood*.—It was a murder, Harry, o' the foulest kind, an' aw the water that washes the shores o' France will never, never wipe aff this bludy stain. But is there a human creature that can seek to find excuses for the bludy deeds o' the French Convention! I canna think it,—an' ilka day they're mair an' mair harden'd. A twalmonth o't couldna fer' them; it wafna enough that they were takin' innocent lives by fifties in a day, they're now bringin' them out by hunders, an' firin' cannon loaded wi' sma' shot amang them, an' when the poor creatures, strugglin' wi' death, are scammlin' about like a flock of ha'f-shot pertricks, they send in their ruffians amang them, to dispatch them wi' swords an' muskets.

Har. I grant, Charlie, this is awfu'; but areno' they provoked by the Despots, wha hae attacked them, an' wha grow sick at the very sound o' liberty? Even our King, wha, you say, is the father o' a free people, hafna he joined the league o' Despots, wha wou'd mak' the French slaves again?

Char. I shall say little, Harry, about the war, afore we had a share in't oursel's; tho' I cou'd say muckle mair than you ken. That the French cou'd hae keepit clear o't, we

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have

* Moore's Journal, Vol. II.

have nae reason to doubt; that they were the first to declare war is weel ken'd, but to end aw that I hae to say upo' this subject,—we have it frae authority that we darena ca' in question,—frae their ain authority, that the war wi' thae Despots was brought about by the tricks of French Republicans. The destruction of Monarchy was resolved upon, the ruin o' their king was fix'd; but how was that to be brought about?—when they looked back upo' the blameless life o' the gude Louis, they were forc'd to confess, “Surely this man has done naething worthy o' death or dethronement;”—nae hope was left for them but to involve him in a quarrel wi' his relations, that they might hae some pretence for sayin' that he had sided wi' them, an' betrayed his country. They succeeded but o'er weel; a war followed, which has cost muckle blude and filler. The bloody deeds o' the tenth of August, made a part of this Republican plot; the Monarchy fell, an' Louis an' his unhappy family wer: buried aneath its ruins*. As for our part i'the war, it was just an' necessary; it was in our ain defence, an' he's the enemy of his country wha doesna wish success to our arms.

Har. Weel, Charlie, I shou'd like to hear ye upon't, for the Gazetteer says, we shou'd wish success to the French; but i'the first place, hae we ony credit in bein' engaged i'the same cause wi' thae Despots?—Did they no' attack Poland, an' its gude King, an' its gude Constitution, an' did they no' divide the best part o't amang them, in defiance of aw thing like honour or honesty? Whatfor didna we assist Poland, to keep the balance o' power, as they ca't, even?

Char. I see, Harry, ye're no' ill versed i'the cant o' the party, but thae fok that crack in this manner to ye, ken weel that ye're no' able to answer them. I believe, Harry, there isna a man in Britain, wha doesna pity the poor foks in Poland, an' wha doesna detest the cruelty an' injustice o' their oppressors? We hae gien a sample o' this already; when we cou'd do naething mair, we subscribed a great deal o' filler for them, to shew our gude wishes; an', in fact, Harry, what cou'd we do? Do ye ken how Poland lies?—do ye ken that it lies i'the very heart o' three o' the maist powerfu' kingdoms

* See Brissot's Speeches. Journals of the Convention. Moore's Journal, Vol. II.

doms in Europe?—we might hae sent them five or ten thousand men, an' what wère they to do against hunders o' thousands o' their enemies?—we might as weel hae sent a score of auld wives to drive the Ruffians out o' their country. It would only hae been exposin' our ain weakness, an' doin' them nae real service. To mak' it plain to ye, Harry, supposin' you were travellin', an' saw an acquaintance surrounded and robb'd by thretty or forty armed men, wou'd you be fool enough to rush in amang them to save the man's purse, an' get your head broken for your pains?

Har. Na, in truth, Charlie, I'm nō' sae daft. Weel, we'll grant, we cou'dna' assist them; but dinna you think, when we fight o' the same side wi' thae wicked Despots, we are like art an' part i' their crimes?—Shou'dna we hae shun'd them as we wou'd do the Devil, an' had nae treaties, or ony kind o' connection wi' them?

Char. Na, na, Harry, that doesna follow ava; to mak' this clear we maun suppose something farther.—Supposin' that you ken' that your house is to be attacked on sic a night, by a band o' robbers, that it is to be plunder'd and burnt, an', if ye mak' ony resistance, you an' your family may be murder'd; weel, ye have some neighbours, whose honesty mayna be to brag o', yet, rogues as they are, they are willin' to help you to defend your house;—wou'd you reject their offer? wou'd you say, I'll rather see my house plunder'd an' burnt, an' my family murder'd afore my een, than be obliged to sic rascals?—

Har. Na, Charlie, I wou'd jump at the offer, if it were frae the De'il himsel'. Weel, Charlie, I'm satisfu'd upo' this point, ye've made it very plain;—but as for our war,—what is't, Charlie, but a war o' Placemen an' Pensioners,—a war, as the French say, o' the Government, an' no o' the people i' this country;—a war that we shoud hae naething to do wi'; a war that has brought us aw to ruin an' beggary, an' a war that will end in naething but ruin.

Char. What the French say to the war, Harry, is little o' your business or mine. There was a time when they had some reason to think that the people here were hand an' glove wi' them, thanks to some amang oursel's wha put sic notions i' their heads; but as to our notions o' the war, we maun speak like rational creatures, an' no' blatter out aw the

nonsense o' your clubs an' Conventions. Let me ax ye ae question, Harry, do you think that it is for the interest o' Maister Pitt, or ony man in his situation, to engage the nation in a war?—I dinna speak o' his honesty, or whether he's the friend o' his country or no, but is it for his ain interest?

Har. Ay, nae doubt o't; it ser's aw his friends an' dependents; they get places i' the army an' places i' the navy, an' contracts, an' mony a gude thing's i' the way where fae muckle filler's gaen thro' his fingers.

Char. Weel, Harry, nae doubt when there is a war, there will be places i' the army an' i' the navy, an' if you were in Maister Pitt's place, you would gie thae places to them that ye thought were the Friends o' Government. There's no doubt mony o' thae are the friends of Government, or ca' themsel's fae, because they expect places, but that's no' gude reason why our Government shou'd gie places to them wha avow themsel's its enemies. But of aw the men i' the warld Maister Pitt had the naist reason to like peace; proud, proud was he o' the peace, an' the trade, an' the manufactures, an' the revenue o' the country, that were fillin' the *Budget* as they ca't, ilka Session o' Parliament, an' mony a proud speech he made about them;—an' gin the French had let us alone, aw his prophecies bade fair to be fulfilled;—but in truth, we were o'er prosperous; prosperity an' wealth turn'd the heads o' some of us, an' like *Jeshurun*, when they waxed fat, they kicked against the Lord.—Besides, Harry, war's a ticklish business for a Minister; if it is na successfu' he's sure to lose his place, an' the events o' war are very uncertain; now, if he was studyin' only his ain interest he wou'd preserve peace, whether it was for the interest of his country or no, as the best way to mak' his place sure. If ye allow this, Harry, an' I think ye canna weel deny it, it is as plain as a pikestaff, that Maister Pitt didna bring on this war for his ain interest.

Har. Weel, Charles, I shou'd think fae mysel', tho' I'm sure the Gazetteer tells anither tale; but for what did he bring't on?—Surely, it was he that did it, an' I canna find out his reason for't.—What had we to do wi' the French?—

Cha. I wish, Harry, we had had less ado wi' them. But, a word i' your lug, Harry, it was neither Maister Pitt, nor Maister Dundas, nor ony ither Placeman or Pensioner, that brought this war upo' our heads, it was your ain *Friends o' the People!*

Har.

Har. *Friends o' the People!* Charlie, what sorrow's-i' the chield's head? The Friends o' the People bring a war upo' the nation;—the very men that are ay preachin' against war, an' bludeshed, an' aw thing that's ill!—na, Charlie, that winna swallow; in truth, lad, ye had better tak' care o' yoursel',—the Friends o' the People may gar ye rue sic speeches; haud your tongue lad, an' be thankfu' that your head's atween your thou'ders.—Friends o' the People!—Na, na, lad, tak' care o' the Majesty o' the People,—'tis no to mak a bauchle o'.

Cha. Bauchle or no Bauchle, Harry, 'tis aw true. War's a braw handle for your clubs, an' to see the hypocritical faces they do put on might deceive ane that didna ken better; 'tis no' they that hae the maist humanity, or ony ither virtue, that mak' the maist ado about it. Your clubs, lang afore we had ony word about war, began a disgracefu', a criminal, ay, the warld has seen it, a treasonable correspondence wi' the Convention o' France, wi' men wha were wallowin' i' the blude o' their brethren; they gae them presents, an' encourag'd them to gae on wi' their plans o' murder an' pillage. They abused, an' miscaw'd their ain Constitution, an' keepit aw their praises for a nation that had nae Constitution, nor ony thing like a settled form of Government. They had indeed written twa three Constitutions in blude, an' sworn to stand by them, but their aiths were nae sooner made than they were forgotten.

Har. Weel, Charlie, an' what has this to do wi' the war?

Cha. What has't ado wi't man?—'tis the very foundation o't. To bring about a Revolution i' this country, was what the French wi'd, lang afore there was ony word o' war. They ken'd how they had ser'd us when we were in a hobble, an' they dreaded, (wicked men are ay suspicious) that we might play them the same trick; but they thought they wou'd put it out of our power, by cuttin' out wark enough for us at hame. The treasonable addreeses of our clubs were therefore, ye needna doubt, very gladly received, an' frae them, an' the lyin' reports o' their ain spies an' incendiaries i' this country, they looked upo' Britain as aw their ain.

Har. That's aw a haiver, Charlie, they hae done wi' that blackguard trade o' fendin' spies an' informers into ither countries.

Cha. I wish it had been sae, Harry, for the sake of baith countries,

countries, but the few honest men among them who dreaded the consequences of a war wi' Britain, hae sin that time confess'd, that it was the reports o' thae spies, an' the encouragement they got frae thae club-addresses, that tempted them to invade Holland, as a step to the conquest of Britain. To receive sic addresses frae men of sic a character, was far aneath the dignity of a great nation, an' it was an insult o' the maist glarin' kind to a nation to whom they were friends frae the teeth out; but their answers to thae addresses put their intentions beyond a doubt. "Without doubt," said their President, "we shall soon have to address a National Convention of England." If they were threatened wi' the resentment of our Government for their insults, the answer was ready; "*The English Republicans* were their friends;"—an' ane o' their Orators tells us, that they were to land "50,000 caps of Liberty in Britain,"—sic liberty, nae doubt, as they gae to Frankfort, an' ither towns in Germany an' Flanders, where ilka man o' property was pillaged, where the very kirks wère spulzied by the unholy hands o' thae villians, an' where ilka honest man was hang'd or guillotined. But it was now time to throw aff the mask, an' out came their famous decree, that they were to gie fraternity an' assistance to the discontented an' seditious in aw countries, wha were willin' to rise in rebellion against their government.

Har. Weel, Charlie, that was that they were to mak' them aw free an' happy.

Cha. Weel, Harry, the poor folks in Flanders had a sample o' this fraternity. They were assured that the French came, as the Messengers of Heaven, to bring them liberty, peace, an' happiness. Wae's me! Harry, they were forc'd to cast aff their allegiance to a Government that, wi' aw its fau'ts, had made them happy, an' submit to the rule of fourscore thousand armed ruffians, wha were sinkin' them into a very Hell o' misery. Gin our Reformers hadna been as blind as moles, the decree that follow'd might hae made the designs o' the French as clear as the light. No' satisfied wi' declarin' war against aw Governments, they now declared, that they woud consider the people of aw countries as enemies, if they didna immediately change their Government, when desir'd by the peaceable messengers o' the French Republic! This was sayin' plainly, "We dinna want ye to chuse a Constitution, or a form of Government for yoursel's, but ye maun, nill ye, will ye,

ye, chuse our Government, an' our Constitution, or we'll cut aw your throats." Was this a spirit o' peace, o' love an' benevolence?—Na, it was the highest yell of ambition, mair alarmin' to Europe than aw the pride an' ambition of Lewis XIV. Your ain Maister Fox had ance the grace to acknowledge this; but a weather-cock canna stand still, when the wind's ay shiftin'!

Har. Weel, Charlie, I begin to hover a wee. This was enough to kittle ither Governments; yet, after aw, I canna think it was for the interest o' the French to mak' us their enemies.

Cha. There was a time, Harry, when I thought that to say, that twa nations were natural enemies to ane anither, was a reflection upo' the Almighty himsel'; but indeed, Harry, I'm now half convinc'd that sic things may be. As far as I'm acquainted wi' our history, I can see that France, sin' ever we were a nation, has been our bludy, desperate, and implacable enemy; an' whenever she saw an opportunity of forcin' us into a war, wi' ony prospect o' success to hersel', she was sure to be in our taps. This was the uniform practice of her auld Government, an' the new seems to carry't a wee bit farther. But in this war ye'll mind they fairly outwitted themsel's; they had got it i' their heads that we were tired o' our Constitution, an' that they had nae mair ado but come to logger-heads wi' our Government, an' the people woud rise up like ae man to support them. In short, Harry, ye may hae the history o' this business in ae short sentence. They broke treaties which we were solemnly pledg'd to see fulfill'd, by fair or foul means; they made an attack upo' our allies, whom we were as solemnly pledg'd to protect; an' they crown'd aw, by seizin' aw our ships i' their ports, an' by declarin' war against us, an' aw without provocation of ony kind.

Har. But we were o'er faucy. 'They wanted to mak' up matters wi' us, an' we huff'd them, an' woudna come to ony thing like terms wi' them,

Cha. It was na Peace that they wanted but time, till they shou'd be ready to strike their grand stroke. But, Harry, we did come to terms wi' them. They did explain themsel's to be sure, but their explanation only added insult to insult. They positively refused to gie us ony satisfaction for their attack upo' our allies, they persisted i' their designs upo' them; an'

an', in explainin' their decree o' fraternity, as they ca't, they had the impudence to reserve to themsel's the right of assistin' a discontented party i' this country when they should think proper. In short, Harry, they would gie us nae satisfaction, an' we had only twa choices,—either to crouch at their feet, or to shew oursel's, what I hope we'll ay be, independent o' them or ony Power in Europe. Indeed, I believe, we may be thankfu' that we didna mak peace wi' them. Considerin' the confusion o' their Government, it cou'dna hae been o' lang standin'; they had ae set o' ministers this day, an' the next anither set got the upper hand, ca'd them traitors, took aff their heads, an' woud stand to nane o' their bargains. I'll say it, Harry, an' stand till't, that if Maister Pitt, or ony ither Minister, shou'd mak peace wi' an enemy, disband our armies, an' dismantle our fleets, when there is nae certainty that the same enemy will be in our taps again in a crack,—he woud be a traitor to his country. There is na a man i' the nation wha doesna wish for peace; but there is na an honest man wha woud wish for't, if there is nae security that it will be lastin', an' that the nation shall be secur'd frae future insults.

Har. Weel, Charlie, an' do ye really think that our Government did aw that they cou'd to keep us out o' this quarrel?—

Cha. Ae word mair upo' that head, an' I hope it will satisfy you. When ye charge Maister Pitt wi' bringin' us into this war, ye should tak this alang wi' you. The French, ay thirstin' for blude, hae sin' that time, ta'en aff the heads o' maist o' them wha were in power at the breakin' out o' the war, an' aye o' their reasons for doin' sae was, that *they had forc'd their country into a war wi' Britain*. Ye may at least believe the French when they vindicate Maister Pitt.

Har. Weel, Charlie, ye've tell'd me mair than ever I heard afore, but when we beat the French out o' Holland, an' secur'd aw that our friends wanted; what mair had we ado wi' the war?—We shou'd hae come awa hame again.

Cha. 'Tis an auld sayin' an' a true, Harry, “ae gude turn deserves anither,”—Nae doubt we gae very timely assistance to the Dutch, but it was the German Soldiers that did mair than us aw to chase the French out o' the country. If they helped us out o' a hobble, were we to rin awa like cowards an' leave them i' the lurch? Na, lad, there's mair honesty amang

amang us than that !—But this is no' aw,—if a man attacks your house or your brither's, will you be content wi' giein' him a thump i' the doup, an' settin' him out at the door? Winna ye either bring him to punishment, or get some security that he winna trouble ye again on a hurry? Aw body would think ye daft, if ye woud step your wa's in, sit down by the ingle-cheek to your gill o' toddy, an' leave him to come back, an' set the house in fire about your lugs. France has drawn the sword upon us, an' upon aw Europe; she gard swarms o' foldiers rush into mair countries than ane, for nae reason, but that they were puttin' themsel's in a state o' defence, as they didna ken wha might attack them, at a time when the hale warld was in an uproar. Is Europe to be o'er-run wi' cut-throat armies, without liftin' an arm in her defence?—Na,—na—Harry, if a power exists inconsistent with the peace of Europe, 'tis for the interest o' the human race, that that power shou'd be subdued.

Har. Weel, Charlie, but ye'll grant that the war has done muckle black mischief i' this country. Our trade's fairly dish'd, our merchants are bankrupts, an' our manufacturers are starvin'.

Cha. War maun ay be in some respects hurtfu' to trade, but that this shou'd be mair sae than former wars I canna see. Men wha understand the nature of our trade an' commerce better than you or I, foresaw aw thae brakin's an' bankruptcies, lang afore there was ony word o' war. To carry on trade wi' spirit is different frae pushin't ayont aw the limits that prudence an' sober caution will ay set to it. Manufactures were brought to a pitch o' perfection, an' carried to an extent i' this country, that the like was never heard o'. Men wha had property gaed far ayont what it wou'd bear, an' men wha had nae carried it on by discountin' bills. Sic quantities o' gudes were manufactured that they were sellin' cheaper in foreign markets than they cou'd be offered at hame. The consequence was, that the skelfs were pang'd wi' gudes for which there was nae market. Our bill-discounters began to be pinch'd, an' suspicion followed. When suspicion begins i' the commercial warld, it is like the Prophet's cloud, fortellin' the storm that's to follow, tho' at first nae bigger than your nieve, it soon spreads o'er aw the face of Heaven. Our banks ga'e up discountin' bills, an' down came merchants an' manufac-

turers by dizens. The timely assistance of our Government made the evil be but little felt; aw our sound bottoms got up again, an' matters are now comin' fast round to their auld trim. In short, Harry, simple fo'k shoudna gi'e muckle credit to men whase evident intention it is to inflame their minds, an' to raise mobs an' mischief i' the country. Tradin' ayont our capitals, an' trustin' without prudence or foresight, thae's the great sources of aw that befell us, an' sic rubs, let me tell ye, are very usefu' in a commercial country; they try wha can stand a birze, an' they gi'e fo'k a lesson to be mair upo' their guard in future. War, Harry, I canna repeat it o'er often, war is a horrible thing, but the effects o' this war ha'e been as little felt i' the country as in ony war that I have heard or read o': it is our duty, i' the mean time, to join, heart an' hand, against the cruel enemy wha has forced us to stand up for the independence of our country, an' wha only wish to see us plung'd in anarchy,—hopeless, miserable, desperate Atheists, draggin' out a miserable existence, disgraced by crimes, an' only comfortin' oursel's that we ha'e nae reason to dread punishment hereafter;—that ayont the grave aw is a blank dreary space, an' that man, the chief o' the Almighty's warks—man, endued wi' reason,—man, fitted for the enjoyment of anither an' a better warld,—sinks into *eternal sleep*, like the brutes that perish! Shame on sic doctrines!—Shame on the men wha espouse the cause o' the monsters, wha wou'd propagate them in aw countries!—That their counsels may be confounded will be the wish of ilka Briton, an' of ilka Christian.—We've heard muckle sneerin' an' tauntin' about a war against principles;—a war against sic principles as thae—blush, my countrymen!—blush to oppose it,—when they are to be forc'd upo' you by the pikes o' their first preachers.

Har. I wou'd be very laith, Charlie, to gi'e countenance to ony sic heathenish notions; but what are we to do?—the French are carryin' aw thing afore them, an' they're vowin' that they'll be o'er amang us in a crack wi' a hunder thousand men, an' what can we do against sae mony?

Cha. Do, man! stand firm like a rock, an' trust i' that God whase existence they ha'e denied, whase Majesty they ha'e insulted!—Seein' what we see, an' kennin' what we ken o' the principles an' the views o' France, ilka cheek shou'd be red wi' the warmth of honest indignation, when we see men,
wha

wha ca' themsel's our countrymen, rejoicein' i' the success of our enemies, an' hingin' their heads when they hear o' their defeats. Never was there a time when there was mair need for union an' harmony at hame; instead o' Clubs an' Conventions, sawin' discord an' distrust i' the country, we shou'd rise like ae man, an' pledge our faith to stand or fa' wi' the laws, the religion, the liberties of our country. What may be the intentions o' Providence respectin' the present struggle we little ken, an' as little is it our business to enquire. We see the danger, an' 'tis our part to mak' ready to meet it. If the French are let loose like a pestilence, to cover Europe wi' blude an' desolation, we may, like ithers, sink aneath the blow; but trustin' in Providence, an' i' the justice of a cause for which our forefathers shed their best blude, we'll throw oursel's into the breach, our bodies will form a bulwark around our Constitution; "our liberties," will we say, "our religion,"—aw the comforts wi' which Heaven hath blessed us,—the wives of our bosoms,—the infants wha prattled at our knees,—aw are at stake;—if we canna protect them, we can die i' their defence! May the father o' the fatherless, the Judge o' the widow, be their guardian!—Our last words, our last deeds, will cover wi' paleness the face o' the traitor!

Har. Charlie, Charlie,—I hope we'll never hear o' the like o' that. I doubtna but there may be fo'k i' this country wha ha'e gane o'er far, an' maybe the French might think them war' than they are; but they dinna mean ony harm; they only think that we shou'd ha'e reform, an' that we shou'd ha'e liberty to speak an' write what we like, an' to transport men for speakin' an' writin' they think a kind of oppression.

Cha. Harry, there has been for mony a year as muckle liberty o' speech an' writin' i' this country as ony reasonable man cou'd wish. That there maun be some bounds set to the liberty o' the press ye'll surely grant; to draw the score atween the right use an' the abuse o't is, I confess, rather a ticklish job. Ae thing we ken, when wicked men tak advantage o' this liberty to stir up a seditious an' rebellious spirit against the Government an' Constitution o' their country, an' to involve the nation in little less than a civil war,—then, Harry, ye maun acknowledge, it is abused. Whether this has been the case or no', I leave you to judge. Look at the wicked an' cruel libels o' *Paine*, an' outcast frae aw countries,

an' wha is now laid up i' the French slaughter-market wi' mony a better man. This vagabond, Harry, was looked up to as a kind o' little God, by your bonny clubs. Look at the writins o' the followers o' this apostle o' licentiousness ;— Look at the addreeses of our clubs to the bludy Convention ; an' to crown aw, look at the proceedin's o' our British Convention, wha gloried in followin' the example of a people, wha seem to hae been raised up to banish liberty frae the earth :—Thae things speak for themsel's, Harry.

Har. Weel, Charlie, no' to interrupt you, how did this same Convention behave ? Was't no a meetin' about Reform ?—

Cha. Reform ! Harry, *Reformer's* a gude travellin' name for a traitor. The needy villain, wha has naething to lose, an' wha seeks to better his condition by throwin' awthing into confusion, let him tak the name of *Reformer*, an' he may carry on his plans in safety ;—the maist virtuous men,—for such there are amang Reformers,—will hug him i' their arms, an', as the French say, gie him the *civic kiss*. This Reform, like Death, has level'd aw distinctions. Virtue an' vice ; greatness an' meanness ; riches an' rags,—waddle awa side by side, cheek by jowl, under the fleecin' colours o' Reform. Be a man's character what it will,—be his principles what they may, Reform's a cloak that covers aw his fins. We aw ken what kind o' cattle the members o' the British Convention were. Reform was nae doubt what they *proff'd*, but they let the cat o'er soon out o' the pock. They began wi' declarin' boldly, that the Reform they wanted, was the same that had brought aw this misery an' ruin upo' France,—a Parliament, chosen by the hale body o' the People, an' to sit but for ae year. Gie us that, Harry, an' my lugs for't ye hinna a second Parliament, nor a King either.—There's naething, Harry, in forms, takin' them simply by themsel's ; for instance, we may ca' ane anither *Citizen*. We may divide a society into *Sections* an' *Departments* ;—we may hae our Committees o' this thing, an' our Committees o' the nieft thing ;—we may hae our *honours o' the Sittin'* ; an' we may slabber an' kiss ane anither, and ca't a *civic embrace* ;—but when we look at a meetin' like the British Convention, set down to reform the British Constitution, an' apin' aw this bairnly mummery at the very time that they were emptyin' their foul stomachs upon aw that was sacred in our Constitution,—

tion,—we maun consider it as proof positive, that French principles were the foundation upo^s which they were to build. They were for naething but Constitutional measures.—Ye ken, Harry, that by our Constitution, aw the acts of our Parliament are bindin^g upo^s the People, an^d are indeed made in their name, by their Representatives. If there's ony thing to alter or mend, 'tis no^t a British Convention, 'tis no^t the People in a body that are to bring it about,—'tis the People by their Representatives,—'tis the Parliament; an^d aw that the People can do, is to petition their Representatives. If ye haud ony ither doctrines upo^s this subject, ye knock down the British Constitution at a blow.—What was the behaviour o^f the British Convention iⁿ this particular?—they had what they ca'd a Committee of Emergency, an^d this Committee was to assemble them in aw haste, in case of certain circumstances takin^g place. If the French shou'd invade us, they were to turn out;—What were they to do?—Were they to join the Invaders?—Their assistance woudna hae been o^f muckle use in beatin^g them back again;—if there were nae treasonable designs, they might at least have explain'd themsel's.—They were to assemble in aw haste, if Parliament shou'd pass sic an^d sic acts.—For what purpose were they to meet?—No surely to support the Legislature;—this was best done by stayin^g at hame, an^d conductin^g themsel's like gude peaceable subjects;—here again there was nae occasion for concealment. But their language explains aw this mystery. They declared in plain terms, that what they demanded, they wou'd risk their lives an^d fortunes in obtaining, an^d what they disapprov'd in our Constitution, they wou'd oppose at the same risk. It was, in short, an open declaration of war against the Government an^d the Constitution o^f their country;—an^d the honest an^d upright Magistrat^s, wha interfer'd with fae muckle prudence an^d discretion to put an^d end to sic a meetin^g, deserves the thanks of every friend to his country.

Har. Weel, Charlie, this is just what I wanted to ken. But, after aw, we maun tak care o^f the liberty o^f the Press.

Cha. I ken, Harry, that some o^f your great Orators iⁿ the Parliament, wha oppose Government thro^o thick an^d thin, ha'e said that opinions shou'd in aw cases be free; an^d that men shoud be at liberty to publish them in ony shape they like. I leave you, or ony honest man to judge frae what motives sic speeches are made. But will ony man persuade me, that

that if Fox, or Sheridan, or Erskine, or the like o' them, wha hae sae muckle the gift o' the gab, sae muckle o' the powers o' persuasion, that they can lead weak minds as they like,—if sic men will address themsel's to the passions an' prejudices of a multitude, an' persuade them that right's wrang, black's white, an' east's west.—will ony man persuade me, that this is a freedom of opinion, o' the press, or o' speech, that shoud in aw cases be allow'd?—If it is sae, fareweel to aw settled Government,—fareweel to laws—fareweel to justice!—A sovereign mob, or rather an ambitious Orator, the Sovereign o' the sovereign mob, woud carry aw afore him; an' weel regulated liberty, founded upo' the corner stane o' Religion an' equal laws, woud be trampled aneath his feet. If this be true,—an' I think nae man wha has the sense of a mulsle can doubt it;—an' if we allow that we hae, or shoud hae a Constitution an' a Government, (an' we have ane that has lang been the wonder o' the world),—it maun follow, that they wha woud stir up the People against that Constitution, an' that Government, shoud either leave the country, or be forced to leave it, as enemies to its true interests, an' to the peace o' society.

Har. Weel, Charlie, but the Gazetteer says our Judges gaed ayont their commission. They had nae power to *transport* them,—they coud only banish them out o' Scotland.

Cha. A drownin' man, Harry, catches at ony twig that he can get a grip o'. There has been muckle abuse thrown out against our Judges sin' thae trials began, by men, however, whase tongues are no' scandal. Secure i' their ain integrity, an' confident that they can answer to their God, their country, an' their consciences for what they ha'e done, the barkin' an' snarlin' o' the curs o' faction gies them nae uneasiness. They hae lang administer'd justice to the satisfaction o' the nation, an' muckle to their ain credit. In this affair, they are supported by law, by reason, an' by common sense. The Gazetteer tells you, that tho' a man be banish'd frae Scotland to Botany Bay, he's no banish'd frae Scotland at aw. It maks sic silly gowks as you believe that nae man can be banish'd frae Scotland, if he bena allow'd to tak a trip to England, or to set out on a jaunt frae the bar of a Scots Court to London. If this bena stark nonsense, Harry, What is't? I winna puzzle you wi' what's law upo' the subject, tho' I've heard it frae them that hae't aw at their fingers' ends, an' I

can tell ye 'tis very plain upo' the subject,—but, hear common sense, man.—Isna a man as really an' truely banish'd frae this country, if he's transported to the Injies, or to Botany Bay, as if he were order'd to tak' himsel, out o' the country, an' gang where he liked ?

Har. Indeed, Charlie, I shou'd be o' that opinion.

Cha. Weel, Harry, the Gazetteer may tell ye that banishment is ae thing, an' transportation anither, but in our law, there's sax o' the tane, an' half a dozen o' the tither. I mind weel, I was ae time i' the Circuit Court, an' the Lords, wi' their mony-tailed wigs, an' their mony-colour'd cloaks, were *transportin'* a man for stealin' ; the clark read his sentence, an' what was't, think ye ? that he was *banish'd* for fourteen years to Botany Bay.—But, Harry, when ye plead that the punishment shou'd be of anither kind, ye allow that they did deserve punishment. Now, ony ither kind o' punishment that I can think o' wou'd ha'e increased the evil rather than ser'd as a warnin' to ither. Supposin' we had gi'en them a year or twa i' the to'booth,—this was providin a house for them, where they might preach sedition an' rebellion in safety : it wou'd just be as if ane o' your family shou'd die of some infectious disorder, an' you shou'd lock up his clais i' your kist, that ye might keep the infection i' the family.—Banish them to England, an' ye gi'e them the same liberty ; an' I believe, Harry, ye'll allow that banishment to England wou'd be nae punishment to an Englishman, an' very little to a Scotsman.

Har. That's aw very true, Charlie, I never heard it fae weel explain'd afore.

Cha. I tell ye, Harry, the men wha ha'e spued out aw this venom against our Judges, are they that, through them an' ither in sic stations, wou'd strike at the very root of our Constitution. *Paine*, an' our Club addressers, ha'e made their designs plain enough, an' the British Convention gade fully as far, but how muckle farther we canna say. Aw the measures o' their *Secret Committees* are na yet unravel'd ; we can only look forward wi' a kind o' gloomy apprehension, hopin' the best, yet fearin' to enquire, an' only comfortin' ourselfs that there's yet a majority of honest British hearts i' the country wha are prepar'd for the warft. Ye crack about the measures of our Government bein' liable to censure, an' that we may say about them what we like,—what shall we say of a meetin' like the British Convention, wi' their secret measures,

measures, an' their seal'd orders, like an Admiral gaen out upo' some secrete expedition,—an' thae men are aw the time gude moderate Reformers !—Harry, Harry, the licentiousness o' the press is as muckle to be dreaded as restraints upon its liberty ; it was the licentiousness o' the press that brought about some o' the maist bludy scenes in France, as the murder o' their King an Queen, the murder o' the Swiss Guards, the murder o' thousands o' poor helpless prisoners ; and the licentiousness o' the press, baith in this country and in that, hurry'd them into a war wi' Britain. Now, indeed, they canna brag muckle upo' this head ; for if a man shou'd speak or write a word against the ruling faction, he wou'd be shorter, by the head, afore ye wou'd say fax.—But, Harry, our Reformers shou'dna cry down references to the example o' France ; we shou'd ay tak a lesson frae experience : In crying out forever against the abuses an' imperfections of our Constitution, they may bring the fo'k to tyne conceit o't aw thegither, to their ain ruin ; an' if they keep up the same noise about religious establishments, they may bring the fo'k to think religion itsel' a matter of indifference, if no a nasty weed, that shou'd be pu'd up awthegether. This was the way in France. They began wi' Reform, an' they ended in Revolution an' Anarchy ;—they began wi' railin' at establishments o' Religion, an' they ended in downright Atheism. If we wish, Harry, to preserve our liberty, let us ay keep in mind, that the liberty o' the Press, which is its best friend, when abused is its warst enemy.

Har. Charlie, gie's your hand,—ye speak mair like an honest man an' a gude Christian, than aw the Club an' Convention men i' the kingdom. Charles, I thank ye,—twice ye hae sav'd me frae ruin, but I think I'll tak care o' mysel' now. I thought frae readin' the Gazetteer, I was a bit of a politician mysel' ; but I find that there's little there but what tends to corrupt the public mind, instead o' informin' an' instructin' us. Indeed I hae read it now for a gay while, an' I never saw ony thing in't but railin' against the Government. I sometimes thought wi' mysel', surely this canna be aw right ; let our Government be ever sae ill, they surely deserve a gude word sometimes ; howsomever, frae what pass'd at our Club, I was led to think that to misca' the Ministry was a sure sign o' Patriotism, but I see that fok shoudna meddle wi' matters that they ken little about. Frae this day my family shall be

my

my Club an' my Convention, an' to be President there is the only honour that Harry Heeltap shall covet. I ha'e made a gude livin' afore, an' I find that by sobriety an' industry I can do sae yet. Sandy Snip, man, gie's a shak o' your paw; I'm now your Brither, an' I'll join wi' you in blestin' Charlie Clod for makin' a better an' a happier man o' me.

Cha. That's speakin' like a man, Harry; stick to that, an' ye'll never rue't, tak' my word for't. There's mony a gude simple man has been led awa like you, by the Gazetteer; 'tis a very artfu' paper, an' very cunningly put thegither, to ser' the mischievous purposes o' France, an' her friends i' this country. I wonder fo'k had sae little sense as to gie't ony encouragement, when the party that had the management o't made their designs sae very plain, when they appoint their Committees to support it, an' to spread it o'er the hale country. We see men howkin' a mine aneath us to blaw us i' the air, an' we supply them wi' tools an' necessaries for carryin' on their diabolical wark. Even Cornal Macleod, wha is by nae means remarkable for moderation, has seen the danger o' giein' countenance till'r, an' has refused to let it be circulated under his name; they hae, it seems, gotten ane *Wharton* to frank it, an' that gude man, an' great Patriot *Sheridan*, has made an offer o' his great name. Harry, I havena sic an ill opinion of our Parliament as some o' your Patriots hae, but I see 'tis no' impossible that there may be desperate an' unprincipled men in't, an' what length *their* reform would gang we may easily guess.

Enter LANDLORD.

L. Simon Shuttle wants to ken if ye'll let him come in.

Cha. Let him come in!—the chield's daft,—that's some o' his Convention fraiks. Tell him, John, that he's very welcome, an' aw the Convention at his heels, if he likes. (*Exit John*)—We'll hae anither battle wi' Simon now;—I with aw your politics were far enough,—there's nae company but what's pester'd wi' them.

Enter SIMON SHUTTLE.

Cha. Come awa, Simon,—what for's aw this ceremony, Simon?—ye're turn'd unco mannerly, sin' ye gaed to the muckle town, Simon.

F

Har.

Har. Citizen Deputy Shuttle, I'm your very humble servant. What news frae the Convention, Citizen?—I trow there were some o' ye glad to mak' a moon-light tintin';—tell us aw about it, Citizen.

Simon. Ye needna be makin' fools o' us, Harry, ye wou'd hae been as glad to be there as I was; but I'm fair'd o't; I've gotten a fleg that I'll no' forget this twa days. Charlie Clod, I'm glad to see ye; ye gae me a gude advice, but I was fool enough to allow mysel' to be led awa again; but, Charlie, there's my hand I'll be a gude bairn after this.

Cha. I'm glad, Simon, to see you in sic a gude way o' thinkin'; lang may't be sae, it will be for your ain gude. But let us hear, man, how ye gaed on.

Simon. 'Tis no worth hearin', Charlie. A squad o' us met in a muckle room, a set o' riff-raff, that I ken'd naething about, an' I wou'dna hae car'd tho' I had been at hame when I fand mysel' amang them. They began wi' something that they ca'd the verification o' their powers, and divided themsel's into departments an' sections; for my part, I didna understand their gibberish, an' as little did I ken what hand to turn me till, an' mony ane there was as muckle at a los' as me. The English Deputies, as they ca'd them, had aw the say, an' no' little did they say. There was ane *Margarot*, wha seem'd to me to be a lawyer, for he kend aw the quirks an' tricks, an' ins an' outs o' the law, as weel as ony writer i' the country; but I heard afterwards that he keep'd a lottery office in London, an' liv'd by cheatin' poor fok out o' their filler, by *insurin'* tickets as they ca't, an' leavin' them i' the lurch when they came to ax payment.—An' there was a laddie they ca'd *Sinclair*, a gay gabby callan. An' there was ane *Brown*, a grand speaker, for he was a play-actor; ye maun ken,—an' had learn'd to speak by the book, an' if ye had but heard him,—he wou'd haud out his arms,—so—an' he wou'd get upo' his tiptaes, an' mak' a step first to the tae side, an' syne to the tither,—so—an' he wou'd come thump upon his breast, an' then he wou'd speak wi' a hollow kind o' voice, like a man speakin' out o' the bung-hole o' a barrel,—an' syne he wou'd turn up the white o' his een like a daft man, an' syne he wou'd get up, and roar like an ox, an' mak' sic a wark wi' his arms, as if he had been gaen to knock us aw down.—Mony a time was I ready to rise and rin.—Weel—

Cha. But, Simon, I'm thinkin' ye're forgettin' the cleverest chield amang them aw, wafna there ane *Gerald*?

Simon. O, ay, your right, Charlie, there was *Gerald*, the greatest

greatest scholar amang us aw.—Aw that I can tell ye about him—he was born in Ireland, he had some filler, an' he got a mint o' money, wi' his wife, an' by way o' preparin' himself for the Convention, he spent plack an' farthin' o't in London.—Weel, we gaed on, movin', an' resolvin', an' speecnifyin'. till ae night a fallow comes to the door, an' so, says he, “is this the British Convention?”—Ay, that it is.—Weel, in comes the Provost o' Enbro', an' a hantle o' Gentle Foks, and so, says he, very civilly, “lads ye maun set out, ye canna sit langer here.” (Ye'll mind that a whin o' them had been put i'the to'booth afore this, for threatnin' the peace o' the country, an' had gi'en caution that they wou'd be forth-comin'.) Weel, says the Billie that was i'the chair, “Citizen Provost, we're aw very gude peaceable fok, an' ye hae naithing ado wi' us, an' I'll tell ye mair, I was putten i'the chair by aw thae great Patriots, an' I winna leave't unless ye force me.” Weel, says the Provost, “an' I will force ye.” Weel, but says our President, “ye needna be very fair upon's, that's to say, ye needna gie's a kick i'the back-parts, nor tak's by the nose; ye may just tak' me civilly by the hand, as if ye were sayin', I'm very glad to see ye, Citizen President, an' then I'll say that you forc'd me, an' there will be nae mair o't.” Very weel, the Provost did fae, an' awa we gaed in a bunch. As we cou'dna want our sittin's, we gaed neist to a wright's shop, an' when I saw aw the benches and tools, says I to mysel', “Citizen Shuttle, ye wou'd be as weel employ'd if ye were at hame at your loom.” Weel when we were aw gathert, up stands a chield, an' so, says he, “as we were dispers'd by force, I think we should now decree the sittin' permanent.” What this might be I cou'dna mak' out ava; I ax'd my neist neighbour, an', says he, “It means that the Convention maun sit day an' night, an' that like gude Patriots, we maun aw keep our seats.” Weel, tho' I began to find the ground o' my stamach, down I douns, resolv'd that I shou'd sit as permanent as the best o' them, an' I grips the bench wi' baith my hands as hard as I cou'd, just like a drownin' sailer haudin' by a plank, or a tailor grip-pin' the saddle, when the horse rins awa wi' him,—nae offence I hope Sandy Snip,—but scarcely had I fix'd mysel' i'this very permanent way, when a rap at the door gart me loup needle height, an' in comes the Shirra, an' a mob o' Magistrates an' Constables at his tail. Weel, for aw our permanent sittin', we maun tramp again, but first, says a chield wi'

wi' a lang face, I think we maun hae a prayer afore we part ; but I trow I didna stay for their prayers. I steals very cannily to the door, an' as soon as I faund mysel' fairly out o' the house, I set out as fast as my heels cou'd carry me, and never looked a-hint me till I was at my ain door, twenty gude miles frae Auld Reekie, an' please peace an' the King, they shanna find me there on a hurry again.

Har. Weel, Simon, I'm glad to hear ye say sae. We're aw of ae mind ance mair. I was beginnin' to play the auld tricks again, but Charlie here has gien me a lecture that has open'd my een, an' I'll never open my mou' upo' politics again.

Cha. Indeed, lads, I can tell ye, there will be neither peace nor happiness i' the country, till fok like you gie up meddlin' wi' matters that they dinna understand. Never was a nation happier than we were ; ill befa' them that saw'd the seeds o' discontent an' unhappiness amang us. I'm really surpris'd, I'm griev'd to see sic a mischievous spirit rail'd i' the country, by men wha will never do muckle credit to ony cause ; whase only wish is to bring us aw to ruin, that they may get gude fishin' in sic troubled waters. I hope my countrymen's een will now be open'd, to see the precipice, to the brink of which they have been led by their cruel deceivers. It is by sic men that this country has been reduced to a state that canna fail to gie muckle concern to ilka honest man. Let it be our business, in our places an' stations, to do what we can to lay the storm ; let us warn our bairns, our friends, an' connections against giein' way to that fretfu', discontented spirit, which, considerin' the blessings we enjoy, is a grievous sin i' the sight o' the Almighty. We have aw our difficulties, we maun lay our account wi' them i' this warld ; it is our duty to bear them wi' fortitude an' resignation, an' no rashly seek to mend our condition, by rushin' into evils, of which we little ken the nature or the extent, but which we are very sure, woud leave us a thousand times war than they faund us. Now, lads, let's hae done wi' politics. Let's be merry an' wise, tak' a sober glafs, an' gae hame to our families like gude peaceable men, as I hope we'll aw be frae this day forth.

Har. Done, lads, wi' aw my heart. Here's happiness an' prosperity to our King, our Constitution, an' our Country. May aw their enemies, at hame an' abroad meet wi' the reward they deserve.

